

612

THE
HISTORY

OF

Miss Ettie Reynolds,

THE

MADAGASCAR LADY.



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Introduction.

WHATEVER is said to the contrary, there is no doubt (if one may judge by what one sees and hears) that of all the ages of the world, this is emphatically the blonde age—I mean to say this without any disparagement to the brunettes, or the number of their followers, which certainly is very great. And while there are thousands of persons who prefer the dark style of beauty in woman, the great majority of mankind seem inclined (at any cost whatever) to do homage to the fair, or, in other words, the blonde; for is it not well known that enormous prices have been paid by distinguished ladies (notably and recently the case of a celebrated lady in Paris) to have their hair bleached until it almost rivalled the snow in its whiteness and dazzling purity. Now, gentle reader, whatever your predilection may be for fair or dark ladies, you must (and I say this most emphatically) be delighted with the lady I am about to present to you, namely, Miss Ettie Reynolds, the daughter of Madagascar.

HER APPEARANCE.

Let me describe our present subject, Miss Ettie Reynolds, as a young lady of medium height, quite well proportioned, and indeed inclined to "*Foul point*," with long, beautiful white hair of a peculiar quantity and quality falling like a leonine and magnificent mane down her back, very heavy to the eye, but really as finely spun floss or threads of silver,

THE HISTORY OF MISS ETTIE REYNOLDS.

presenting to the eye three distinct shades or colors, namely: Silver in the moonlight, Gold in the sunlight, and Copper or Brass in the daylight; the eye-balls being pink in color and constantly rolling about from side to side in an extremely restless manner and at times the eye-lids nervously twitching as to the sight. She cannot see well in the ordinary daylight, but after dark her sight seems to be restored to her in a wonderful manner, and when an ordinary person can scarcely see at all, she can discern objects quite well. No scientific men have as yet been able to give any reason for this remarkable power, nor can the writer after a long experience with them give any solution of the problem.

TEMPERAMENT.

She is not what is generally known as the slow, heavy, or sympathetic temperament, but is the very reverse of that. Every movement is almost like a flash of lightning; she eats quickly, talks quickly, moves quickly; in fact, I could almost go so far as to say, that her temperament is quite mercurial; that is, she is easily elevated and just as easily depressed; and so fully charged at all times with that wonderful electricity (which for want of a better name we call magnetism) that the weather being stormy, or even cloudy, her countenance will assume a very sad expression; but let the sun, that great fountain of light and heat, once more shine out with regal splendor in the heavens, and simultaneously with that bright,

THE HISTORY OF MISS ETTIE REYNOLDS.

cheering event, her face will undergo (to the amazement of all who look upon her) a complete and remarkable transformation, and will be filled with unspeakable joy and vivacity, and become in one instant, truly a speaking face, (I do not know how else to express it,) grand and beautiful in its expression. Let any reader of this book watch the lady for five minutes at any one time, and the chances are that he can verify the truth of what I say, by noting, in the wonderful and expressive play of her mobile features, the different words thus depicted vividly upon her countenance.

DISPOSITION.

She is easily moved to tears or laughter; and while she is moved by her keen sensibility, at times, to almost passionate feeling, yet, having a well balanced brain, she never (as some do) loses control of herself; but at all times and under all circumstances, acts with excellent judgment. Regarding her business affairs, being her own manager and agent, she is kind and generous to a degree; in fact, so much so, that many living curiosities now on exhibition, owe much of their present success to her efforts in their behalf; so that we may say with truth, that while her head is cool her heart is warm, and pulses strongly and regularly with pure and abiding love towards all her brothers and sisters of humanity; and while she cannot for one moment hold a single feeling of hate or enmity towards any human being, yet she enjoys a

THE HISTORY OF MISS ETTIE REYNOLDS.

corresponding feeling for all that is noble or grand, and a feeling of contempt for all that is either mean, niggardly, cowardly or hypocritical. Her first impressions are wonderfully accurate, and never failing in their truthfulness. She never has been known to make a mistake in reading character; she can size up a person on being presented to that person, whether man or woman, as quickly as the Lightning Calculator sums up a column of figures; and with such positive correctness as to startle the looker-on.

BIRTH PLACE.

She was born in the town of Tamatave on the Island of Madagascar, second only in size to that of Australia, (which geographers claim is the largest island in the world,) it is separated from Africa by the Mozambique Channel; it is about one thousand miles in length, and six hundred miles in width, and contains about two hundred and forty thousand square miles. It is inhabited by persons of all races, colors and conditions in life. There are black, dark yellow, and what there are called, fair people. To this latter class the subject of this history belongs. For verification of this statement, regarding Madagascar and its peculiar and wonderful people, called "fair," the writer most respectfully refers the reader to Appleton's Encyclopædia, in which will be found a very full and interesting account of the second island of the world, (in size only,) and a careful perusal of which will amply pay the true seeker after knowledge.

THE HISTORY OF MISS ETTIE REYNOLDS.

WHAT ETTIE REYNOLDS IS.

She is of the purest type of blonde known in the world, and belongs only to a race of people called "fair," and found only upon the Island of Madagascar. Some have called the people belonging to this very beautiful race, white Moors. But no one has yet, I think, been able to give positively, their origin, or tell why these persons (of all the races that have inhabited this globe) have been blessed of heaven with such distinctive, peculiar and attractive marks of alluring beauty.

WHAT SHE IS NOT.

She is positively not an Albino; for while possessing some of the prominent characteristics of the Albino (the word being an Italian one and signifying the absence of all coloring matter,) she belongs to a time honored and ancient race, while the Albino does not belong to a race at all, but to a class; for, do you see, an Albino is liable to be born of any nationality, in any age, or any country, and seems to be dotted plentifully along the pathway of history. Thus, you see, Miss Reynolds is very rare and much more of a curiosity than any Albino possibly could be. I have thus been very explicit in explaining to the readers of this work the true facts of the case, that they may know absolutely and truly, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, exactly what she is—exactly what she is not.

THE HISTORY OF MISS ETTIE REYNOLDS.

CHILDHOOD INCIDENTS.

At the early age of four years, her father died; she was scarcely able she tells me, at that infantile age to know this great and irreparable loss in its truest sense; how could she then know what a dear kind friend, benefactor and father she had lost, hardly remembering his many caresses and kisses, the many times he had held her in his strong arms and tossed her laughing aloft, how many times he had taken her by her little hand, and led her toddling footsteps carefully over the farm, or down by the pleasant brooks, and through the green cool meadows, or how he had sat down under the shade of some branching tree and talked to her so sweetly through the long summer day. But alas! alas! the strong arms that had held her so tenderly were folded silently now. The hands that had caressed and the lips that had kissed her were stilled in death, and perhaps it was a kind and merciful Providence that made her almost unaware of it all.

In her 5th year, her twin sister died, and then she tells us she shed the first bitter tears of her life. Ah! how bitterly she wept when she gazed upon her dead sister's face, and knew that it would never break into smiles for her again. That the eye would never flash brightness into hers again, and the lips that had so often spoken such loving and tender words of cheer, would never speak again. The heart that had so often beat full of love for her, would beat no more. The loving hand would never, no never clasp hers again. The life was over, the chapter finished, the

THE HISTORY OF MISS ETTIE REYNOLDS.

volume closed. Never to be opened till Eternity should dawn upon them both in a brighter and happier world. But Time, that we are told heals all wounds, passed on, and shortly after, Miss Reynolds lost one of her most valued pets, a little black kitten the constant companion of the young lady in her walks, was killed by a falling stove, and of course this occasioned another outburst of childish grief, but of course not so violent as the first great grief of her life.

AT SCHOOL.

She tells us she commenced going to school at seven years of age, and that these school days were the most delightful of all her life. Everything that she did was accomplished in a most hearty, emphatic and positive manner; possessed naturally of a very robust and vigorous nature, whatever she did, whether she worked, played, rode, walked or studied, she did it with all her might and main, with all her heart and soul; there were no lazy bones in her; she was a very apt scholar of a fine keen intellect, large brain, clear perceptive powers, and she learned quickly and readily, for to study was the "labor she delighted in;" it became the passion of her life—in fact she greedily devoured her books. In spelling she excelled and was considered the wonder of the school, and she would often surpass in this exercise all her competitors, of which there were not a few; it did not matter where you got the word from, out of the spelling book or not, nor did it matter how many syllables it contained, one, two, three or more, she hardly ever failed, and it was often a source of great glee

THE HISTORY OF MISS ETTIE REYNOLDS.

and merriment to visitors when they had spelling bees, to see the easy way in which Miss Reynolds would walk over the course, seemingly without any effort, leaving all her rivals in the field a long way behind her, and stirring the applause and admiration of a large room crowded to excess with the learning and fashion of the district who, having heard of the fame of this Little Lady, which had gone out through all the country side, had come to witness her success and the discomfiture of her opponents. She also excelled in Geography, seeming to have a particular fitness of comprehension for learning the names of places and their relative situations, more especially the larger cities; all knowledge of this kind she seemed to seize upon with avidity.

The population, monied or agricultural interests, or learning of places all these seemed to interest her to a singular degree. In writing also she did well, and in grammar she had few equals of her own age, as the use of words seemed to her tractable mind to be, and indeed, this was true, necessary to form sentences and thus to convey our ideas.

Her power of analysis in this study was only equaled by her capability of construction, so that as a general thing she had no difficulty in often bearing off the palm in parsing. When the writer of this history asked her if the school children did not comment upon her singular appearance, she replied most ingenuously: "Why no! They knew me, I was brought up amongst them, they were the playmates of my childhood, the sharers of my griefs and sorrows," and then when I asked her if she had any

THE HISTORY OF MISS ETTIE REYNOLDS.

quarrels, she replied with real genuine humor, and a twinkle in her eye: "Well, yes; once a girl struck me, and, of course, I told the teacher and had her punished." Then with real pathos she detailed some circumstances, which to me, seemed highly interesting. She said, the children all of them, whether they came of rich or poor parents, high or low, those of all conditions seemed to vie with each other in showing to this singular child of Nature the most distinguished consideration and continuous favors. They would take her and her little sister by the hands and would carefully and tenderly conduct them along the byways branching out from the school-house, pointing out to them the many beauties of the landscape and valley; and here my narrator told with a pleasing artlessness that would quite win one's heart with its natural tenderness and simplicity, how it often pained her that she could not see as her companions could, from the fact as we have intimated previously, that she was extremely near-sighted, the beauties of Nature.

Thus after the cold and pitiless storms had swept over the mountain and plain, then every recurring spring would come again with its beauty and verdure and make the glad earth rejoice in its presence. The unlocked waters would come pouring down the side of the mountain, the flowers would spring up in the meadows and the grass would come forth in freshness and beauty in the valleys. But these wonderful visions of Nature's powers of resurrection with her marvelous mysteries were alike sealed books to this almost sightless girl. At ten years of age she left

THE HISTORY OF MISS ETTIE REYNOLDS.

school to fill duties at home and varied the monotony of the labors of the house by occasional visits to her pets, of which she had many on the farm.

JOINING A SHOW.

In the summer of 1873, she joined the Barnum show, stopping with him until the fall of '75. Just before leaving the Barnum show a laughable incidence occurred in the shape of

A RIVER PERIL.

In crossing the Susquehanna River, the waves ran so high, that they were in danger of being washed back against the pier and all their lives were in great peril. The Bearded Woman sat calm and unmoved; the Burdett Twins (Dwarfs) were frightened almost to death; the little Major jumped out of the carriage into the boat, and the great big giant (Noah Orr), whose burly knees knocked together, nearly swooned with fright; he afterwards however declared (when the danger was over) that it had been his intention (he not being able to swim) to take Miss Burdett in his arms and wade ashore; of course this statement was received by the company with profound gravity, but when they were alone they roared with laughter. Miss Reynolds did fill in the year 1877, a very successful engagement with Mr. George Bunnell at the New American Museum, at 103 and 105 Bowery, near Grand Street in New York City, a grand place of resort filled with wonderful curiosities, a place that all should visit for pleasure, profit and instruction; and now, dear reader, having led you so far on life's journey, I have only to wish you success, thank you kindly for listening to my humble tale, and bid you good-bye.

A FLOWER FROM MY ANGEL MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Words and Music by HARRY KENNEDY, Ventriloquist.

Music copyright 1878, by WM. H. KENNEDY, 128 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Music sent by us to any address. Price 35 cents.

As sung by R. G. LITTLE.

I've a casket at home that is filled with precious gems;
I have pictures of friends dear to me,
And I've trinkets so rare, that came many years ago,
From my far distant home across the sea.
But there's one sweet little treasure that I'll ever
dearly prize,
Better far than all the wealth beneath the wave;
Tho' a small faded flow'ret, that I placed in child-
hood's days,
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

CHORUS.

Treasured in my mem'ry like a happy dream,
Are the loving words she gave,
And my heart fondly cleaves to the dry and withered
leaves—
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

In the quiet country churchyard they laid her down
to sleep;
Close beside the old home she's at rest,
And the low, sacred mound is enshrined within my
heart,
By the sweet ties of love forever olest.
In the still and silent night I often dream of home
again,
And the vision ever tells me to be brave;
For the last link that binds me to the place I love so
well,
Is the flower from my angel mother's grave.

Treasured in my memory, etc.

THE OLD WOODEN ROCKER.

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Words and Music by FLORENCE HARPER.

Music published by SPEAR & DEHNHOFF, New York, and sent postpaid on receipt of 40 cents.

Copyright, 1878, by HARRISON MILLARD.

Sung with tremendous success by D. S. WAMBOLD.

There it stands, in the corner, with its back to the wall,
The old wooden rocker so stately and tall !
With naught to disturb it but the duster or broom,
For no one now uses that back parlor room.
Oh, how well I remember in days long gone by,
When we stood by that rocker, my sister and I ;
And we listen'd to the stories that our grandma would tell,
By that old wooden rocker we all lov'd so well.

CHORUS.

As she sat by the fire she would rock, rock, rock,
And we heard but the tick of the old brass clock ;
Eighty years she had sat in that chair grim and tall,
In that old wooden rocker that stood by the wall.

If this chair could but speak, oh, the tales it could tell,
How poor aged grandpa in fierce battle fell ;
Neath the stars and the stripes he fought bravely and true
He cherished his freedom, the red, white and blue.
It could tell of bright days and of dark ones, beside,
Of the day when dear grandma stood forth as a bride ;
This is why we all love it, this old chair grim and tall,
The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

As she sat by the fire, etc

But poor grandma is gone, and her stories are done,
Her children have follow'd her, yes, one by one,
They have all gone to meet her "in the sweet by-and-bye,"
And all that is left is dear sister and I.
Never more will we hide her gold specs or her cap ;
Never more will we tease her while taking her nap ;
Never more will she slumber in that chair grim and tall,
The old wooden rocker that stood by the wall.

THE SKIDS ARE OUT TO-DAY.

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Oh, brighten up your uniform,
 Put har oil on your har ;
 Go tell your colored neighbors—
 Go tell it everywhar.
 Dis great organ-i-za-tion—
 De cream la cream, dey say,
 March on for 'mancipation,
 De Skids are out to-day.

CHORUS.

Plumes flying, wenches sighing,
 Children cry ha ! ha !
 Stop dat cart ! don't you start !
 Do you hear me, sah !
 Phew ! Phew ! Dandies,
 Ain't we hot ! Que hay !
 Goodness sake ! dey take de cake—
 De Skids our out to-day.

Yaller boy wid ice water,
 To help you to a wet,
 Am ready with a duster,
 To brush the apple-et

THE SKIDS ARE OUT TO-DAY.

Continued.

Fat wenches, like de ocean;
 Roll heavy en-mass-ray,
And keep time to the motion—
De Skids are out to-day.

Plumes flying, *etc.*

Oo spread de new promiscuous,
 Bid your girl ta-ta !
Just tell her we're a-coming,
 And please to fotch ma-ma.
Hang out the starry banner,
 And let de music play ;
Tell Cloe, Sue, and Hannah,
De Skids are out to day.

Plumes flying, *etc.*

White folks is mighty jealous—
 Look out dar on the flank—
Dey turn dere noses way up
 At every darkey rank.
For skillful revolutions,
 And tic-tacs every way ;
By-laws and constitution,
De Skids are all O. K.

Plumes flying, *etc.*

THE FIRE IN THE GRATE.

Words by EDWARD HARRIGAN. Music by G. W. H. GRIFFIN.

The Music of this song is published by WM. A. Pond & Co., 25
Union Square N. Y. Price 35 cents.

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GRANDPA's chair is vacant,
Near the fire in the grate,
Where he told his tales of boyhood—
Kept the little ones awake ;
One eve, so worn and weary,
Sleeping on his knee they lay,
Death called that night—like the fire bright,
Grandpa passed away.

CHORUS.

So let the room be cheerful—
Place the old arm-chair
Where we talked to grandpa,
With his silv'ry snow-white hair ;
How he'd watch the falling ashes,
And sadly meditate,
Gently sigh, we all must die,
Like the fire in the grate.

One bitter night in winter,
The snow fell fast and wild ;
A girl looked in the window—
A careworn, hapless child ;
Then grandpa whispered, "Baby,"
And toddled to the gate,
To save from sin he brought her in,
Near the fire in the grate.]

So let the room be cheerful, etc.

Keep the fire burning,
'Tis charity's bright flame,
Reminding of the evening
The orphan Mary came,
So ragged, cold, and hungry,
With grandpa from the gate ;
For him she kneels, a pray'r she yields,
Near the fire in the grate.

So let the room be cheerful, etc.



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